

tary wanderer attempted to penetrate it. True, indeed, the deer, the elk, the bear, and the panther roamed in these unbroken wilds; but our pioneer was no hunter. He had no means of taking the animals that prowled around his dwelling. At length his food for his family was nearly exhausted. He had for several days kept his children on a small allowance, taking scarcely nothing himself. He still hoped that God would send relief. He divided his last provisions until they were reduced to a single meal. Before he distributed this, he hesitated. He looked over his beloved family, and his heart was moved. There, in the corner of the room, lay his sick wife, so wasted under disease and want that the light of reason had become extinguished. By her side lay an infant child, pining away for the want of the aliment suited to its years. On either side of him were his two little children, looking up to him with tearful eyes for bread. He arose and took the last morsel and divided it between them. It was a trying hour. Without speedy relief those helpless children must cry in vain for bread. A lingering, dreadful death awaited them. Painful thought! Must I see these loved ones pine away with hunger? Must I hear their unavailing cry for food? Must I close their eyes in death, and here, alone, bury their wasted forms in the wilderness? O, how can a father's heart bear all this? Such thoughts, as we may well imagine, led him with unusual earnestness to Him "who provideth for the raven his food." He there kneeled before God, with his family, and committed them to Him,

hoping and trusting in His mercy for deliverance. He arose from prayer and went to his door, when he heard a dog bark upon the opposite hill, near where this village now stands. He distinctly heard the dog as if closely chasing an animal down the hill to the Lackawaxen. Elated with the hope of deliverance, he seized an old musket which had long been useless, and ran down to the stream, where he found an elk in the water, defending himself from the dog. So intense were the emotions of that hour, that without reflection he repeatedly snapped the old musket, but of course to no effect. The hunter, whose dog had roused the elk, soon came down the hill and shot it. He, with his companion, who had come out on snow shoes for a hunt, soon learned the condition of Mr. Stanton and his family. They immediately emptied their knapsacks of palatable food for them. They roasted a part of the elk, and before its flesh was yet fully cooked, Mr. Stanton, as a starving man, eagerly devoured it. After relieving their immediate wants, they went to obtain other comforts for this afflicted family in the wilderness. Mr. Stanton was soon visited by his cousin, Mr. Asa Stanton, who had recently settled near Weymart. To these visits, and the frequent visits of these hunters, he was indebted for many comforts, and the restoration of his wife and infant child to health. The hunter who found Mr. Stanton in this distressed situation was Mr. Frederic Coates. Mr. Stanton ever after regarded this visit, and very justly too, as a remarkable interposition of Divine Providence. He preserved the horns of this elk as a: